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CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

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We never realize what a good thing youth is until it is too late.—Red Head Hill.

Sometimes we meet young boys that convince us that youth is better than it was fifty years ago, and then we run up against another bunch of young hellions that are absolutely rotten, and mourn that the institution known as whipping has passed away and is no longer available either in the school or in the home.

It is possible that far from the maddening crowds ignoble life that there are households who still rule by force and by arms, but I do not happen to know of any family where beating is resorted to by the stern.

I have no suggestions to make as to the merits of strict discipline and the honor rule, for I do not know. I am hoping for the best.

Time will tell whether by such kindness and forbearance the moral tone of the country will be improved, for it is only a matter of time when the boys of today will be in charge of the world and will have to contend with the exuberance of youth.

There are no advanced lessons in prayer making, if they learn the prayer used by little children they will have a haven of refuge in a time of storm. It is related that in the wars in Kansas, that the fierce John Brown captured a lot of tough men who were given to swearing, and that while he held them prisoners in camp, that he required them to say their prayers before going to sleep, and that the only prayer that they knew was "Now I lay me."

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take, And this I ask for Jesus sake, Amen"

This runs the little White Paternoster, probably the oldest bit of verse in constant use in the world. It is taught to little children and when the profane men in terror from the grim John Brown recited the words of one syllable, they had no more than the armored knights of a thousand years ago when they slept on their arms on a battlefield.

More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep and goats That nourish a blind life within the brain, If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them friends? For so the whole round world is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Even Plato, the barbarian prayed, "Father Jove, grant us good, whether we pray for it or not, and avert from us evil, even though we pray for it."

If the switch from the tree of learning has to be dispensed with, be sure to ground the little tender hearts in the grace of prayer and let no one criticize the White Paternoster on the ground that it brings on a fear complex. Things are getting too complex anyway.

But that was not what I was going to discuss in regard to youth. I was going to make the subject an excuse to compare the amusements of this time with those of forty or fifty years ago.

crests until we came to the waters of Gauley River. Then we were to fish down from the headwaters of Williams River, one of the four forks of the Gauley River, until we arrived at a clearing in the woods known as the Dutch Bottom. This was a deserted bit of blue grass sod. The next day we were to fish down the river to the Pentek Meadows in the prehistoric lake bottom above the Dead Water or Watering Ponds, where we were to sleep at the second night. The third day we would fish in the meadows and in the dead water for a while and then fish up Big Laurel creek until we came to the Stony Creek gap and walk home. In this kind of a trip we would make a circle of about thirty miles in circumference, one half of which would be the beds of trout streams. With ordinary luck we would not only take enough trout to sustain us in the way of food but should have a substantial load of fish to bring home to insure a welcome change in the menu. None of us had fished for trout but each of us belonged to a day when every boy in this county was raised to fish and to hunt, and to ride a horse.

The expedition was in June, and was set by a heavy rain that rendered the fields too damp to work corn. The mountains were at their best. The green of summer time had arrived. In these confines our mountains have three sets of clothes. The somber hue of winter; the verdure of summer; and the many colored covering of the fall. The brilliant sight that caused the French voyageurs to call them the Montagnes aux Arces, or the mountains of the rainbow, which has clung to a range of mountains known now as the Ozarks.

In preparing for this trip we took matches, some biscuit baked in the big flat cake style, some salt and a frying pan. The only fishing tackle we had were hooks and lines. The bait was the fishing worm, the annealed of a Paieczole worm.

We were impressed with the fact that we were to cut poles and start fishing as soon as we came to the head of Williams River called Beaver Dam creek and to keep on fishing and easing down the river until we came to an opening in the forest formed by the Dutch Bottom. There would be a good place to build a camp, to cook trout supper and breakfast and to sleep on the sod.

The Dutch Bottom was so called from the fact that certain stout hearted immigrants from Holland had been thrown by adverse fortunes on the banks of a mountain stream in a heavy spruce and hemlock forest with the gardening tools that they had brought from their intensive cultivated home fields, and had endured the hardships of an unsuitable place in the mountains long enough to have reclaimed a small field from the hostile soil, before they gave up the fight and moved to the warm, fertile fields of the Little Levels where they prospered and founded an important family in West Virginia. There are hundreds of persons who trace their ancestry to the family who attacked the great forest with their diminutive tools and without exception, this descent is known for its frugality, industry, prosperity, and honesty.

In 1848, Harmanus Stulting aged 34, and his wife and children, the oldest of which was Cornelius J. Stulting, aged five years, arrived at the port of New York, with a brother, Nicholas Stulting, aged 22 years. They immediately fell into the hands of John F. Schenmerhorn, who claimed a large number of surveys in this part of Virginia, aggregating many thousands acres. He sold the family 600 acres of land on Williams River, a part of a survey made for Henry Banks of 32,300 acres. In 1797, for this 600 acres he received \$500.00. The deed was made to young Cornelius, and the whole bears the appearance of a fraud on the immigrants that would have proved fatal except for the fact that this Dutch family belonged to a breed that could not be beaten. They built a log cabin at the mouth of a little river and faced it towards Black Mountain. This in the old days when it was covered with a marvelous stand of black spruce, running up to a hundred thousand feet to the acre was one of the most awe inspiring mountains on earth. This growth of spruce (picea nigra) has disappeared before the woodsmen, and the reason of the name of Black Mountain is not so apparent.

One of the lines of the 600 acres called for running for 412 rods, a mile and a quarter, with the old Bots court and Augusta line, which ran N 55 W 108 miles from Allegheny mountain to the Ohio river at the city of Parkersburg.

At the time I speak of this little patch of grass land was our objective for the first night in camp. What happened when we boy scouts set out in search for the river over the divide was that we walked around the head of the stream and continuing on our course came to Williams River at the Dutch Bottom, not being aware that we were starting the fishing at the place we were to wind up the first day.

The stream at this place was flush from the recent rains and was a stream the width of a street. Above us a number of little streams had united to form the head of Williams River. The main one known as Beaver Dam Creek, from the fact that the early settlers had found there an

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immense dam built by beavers, and the area of the pond is plain to be seen to this day. I have talked with men who remember the stumps of trees cut off by beaver at the time that the animal was common in this country.

A little run coming in at Dutch Bottom had run in it, and I remember taking a small plump trout at the first try. The trout were scattered all over the main river. The water was slightly discolored and the day warm and bright. A trout could be taken anywhere, and without any previous experience we commenced to pull them out from the little eddies and swirls, and it was apparent that the fish would soon become a burden.

It was just about noon when we commenced, and we edged down the stream, filling our haversacks with trout and looking for our camping place, and before night we were loaded down with fish. I have no recollection of counting that catch. We came after a while to the Red Hole. This is the deepest water in that stretch of the river and gets its name from the exposure of the great strata of red Mauch Chunk shale which the erosion caused by the river has uncovered at that place. The river here encircles two tall mountains, known as Big Spruce Knob and Little Spruce Knob, and hugs the foot of Black Mountain, which makes a bend.

The cutting of the timber has greatly changed the appearance of the stream. Then the big trees completely arched the water and it flowed through this green tunnel. I seemed to us that we had traveled a great distance wading the water, but in after years I found that we had not fished over a mile. The weight of the fish and the wilderness caused us to debate the question of a camp, and we chose a place where there was a great pile of driftwood near a broad patch of shingle. We evicserated the trout and had our first experience with the black gnats that swarm and bite at dusk on those waters.

We made a good fire and the night was clear and bright and we rested tolerably well until after midnight when a colony of great barred owls gathered nearby in the trees and carried on something awful. Their loud unearthly shrieks were meant to drive the strangers out of those particular woods. I have often heard them in the spruce forests since then but never before or since have I heard anything like the concert that they set up that night. They were still there when it got to be daylight and we could see them gathered in the trees about a hundred steps up stream, hopping about and screaming. These owls are the ones that have been so often mistaken for panthers on account of the terrible note.

They are the most active and destructive of all the owl family and a part of their raptorial habits is to terrify with their screams. I have no doubt that they had staged the demonstration for our especial benefit, and it had some effect upon us, but as we had no where to go we waited for daylight.

A savage spot as holy and enchanted as e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted, By woman walling for her demon lover."

Dawn brought us more confidence on that desolate river, and we got breakfast and took up our way down the river. We had heard the infernal noise of the river all night and in short distance we came to the falls of the river. This is a fall about twenty feet over which the river in time of flood dashes, and makes a wild dashing. Soon after negotiating the falls we came to the end of the timber and found that the river flowed through pasture and hay land for some miles, before it again entered the primeval forest for many miles. I never did come to the end of the woods after the river left this sod, though I fished and hunted on the river more times than I can count in after years.

The last of that noble forest land is rapidly disappearing before the timber operations now so active on Williams River and in short time the glory of the spruce woods will be but a tradition.

The fish continued to bite freely and the loads got heavier, and when we came to the mouth of Big Laurel Creek, which pointed back home, there was but one question and that was to get back home with our catch as soon as possible. It was to follow the course mapped out for us at home: for the trip so far as we were concerned was an exploration. So we plouted up the creek between solid walls of big laurel, and still the fish bit until we finally had to throw away the poles, roll up the lines, and struggle on up the creek bed until we came to the road that led through the gap and brought us down to the familiar farms on Stony Creek, which comes into the river about a mile above where we lived.

I have brought many thousands of fish home in my time, both before and since then, but I cannot remember any such weight of mountain trout as we three boys dumped outside the house on that occasion.

The rule has changed now and twenty-five trout is the limit of a day's catch, and I heard a good deal of grumbling about it this year when so many men found their day's sport halted on the threshold by the limit being reached.

It was some years before I was able to figure out what had become of the Dutch Bottom. But I came to know the river as well as I knew our own farm, and to fish and hunt there was one of the great resources of my life. Then came the timbermen and spoiled the sport, but the time will soon be here when it will be here when it will be given back to the Red Gods and the ravages of man will be covered and restored by nature, and there will be once more a perfect retreat. Nature alone is permanent. And maybe the time may come when I can go there and cast off my years and fish for trout again.

NOTICE OF SALE of Beaver Creek School Property
The Board of Education of Huntersville District, having ascertained that the Beaver Creek School House and lands belonging to same are not suitable for the purpose intended, will on the 5th day of September, 1928, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Beaver Creek school house offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the old Beaver Creek school house and the grounds belonging to same.

NOTICE
The Board of Education of Huntersville District will receive bids until noon September 15th, 1928, for the cutting and furnishing wood, including a sufficient amount of kindling for starting and keeping up fires for the following schools in said district for the term of eight months: Thorny Creek, Mt. Zion, Browns Mt., Clawson, Beaver Creek 2 rooms, Cummings Creek, North Fork, Rimeel, Southards Creek, Bethel.

House and Lot for Sale At Auction
On Saturday, September 15, 1928, at 2 o'clock p. m., I will offer for sale at public auction my house and lot in Campbelltown, W. Va. This property is well located and consists of a lot 60x190 feet; six room house, garage, barn and other outbuildings; electric lights, and spring water.

Lost, A Basket
Will the person who got a cut glass basket from the Flower Department at the Fair Saturday by mistake, please return to Mrs. Carlon Pritchard Dunmore, W. Va. The basket contained French Marigold and had a red ribbon tied to the handle.

For Sale
100 March thoroughbred White Leghorn pullets, \$1.00 per bird. Mrs. Carlon Pritchard Dunmore, W. Va.

New Honey
Comb and extracted. Quality guaranteed. 10 lb can extracted \$2.15 delivered; 10 lb comb \$3.05 delivered by parcel post; cash with order. 60 lb, can extracted by express \$8.70 purchaser to pay express.

Bull For Sale
A two year old dairy bull, bred half Jersey—half Guernsey. From registered stock on both sides. Price reasonable.—E. H. Landis, Mill point, W. Va.

Notice
The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of West Virginia has requested the Council of the Town of Hillsboro, Pocahontas county; to pass an ordinance authorizing it to use the streets, alleys and highways of the said Town for the purpose of constructing therein and thereupon its poles, conduits, cables, wire and fixtures.

Notice
The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of West Virginia has requested the Council of the Town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, to pass an Ordinance authorizing it to use the streets, alleys and highways of the said Town for the purpose of constructing therein and thereupon its poles, conduits, cables, wires and fixtures.

Cattle Sale
Near Ronceverte-Lewisburg, West Virginia
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Entire herd of Registered Shorthorn and Polled Shorthorn cattle; the result of thirty-seven years selection and breeding will be sold. Buy some of these Hardy, Hornless Bulls, Cows and Calves.

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Relief From Curse of Constipation
A Battle Creek physician says, "Constipation is responsible for more misery than any other cause." But immediate relief has been found. A tablet called Rexall Orderlies has been discovered. This tablet attracts water from the system into the large, dry, evacuating bowel called the colon.

Teaberry Leaves Wanted
by P. C. CURRY, Marlinton, W. Va.
No Trespassing
All persons are notified not to trespass on my lands on the land under my control in any way, under penalty of the law.

Administrator's Notice
Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Giles Sharp deceased, will present the same properly proven to the undersigned administrator at his office at Onoto, W. Va. All persons indebted to said estate will prepare to settle at once.

Notice
No trespassing allowed on my lands by hunting, fishing, gathering berries or in any manner whatever. Anyone disregarding this notice will be prosecuted. POSTED. H. M. Moore

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Marlinton, W. Va.
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Farms for Sale
One farm on Clover Creek known as the Walt Allen farm. This farm is well watered, fine for farming or grazing, two large apple orchards on place. One farm in flats two miles from Warwick, known as the Geo. Allen home place, house, barn and other outbuildings, good well and running water on land, young apple orchard, peach, plums, and pear trees on place.
One tract of land near Warwick known as Polly place, fine for grazing. For particulars call Neal Barlow, Warwick, W. Va. or write Mrs. E. G. Hulvey, Pickens, S. Car.